

NO. 22.

This meeting will also afford an opportunity to influence the action of our representatives in congress in a good old fashioned way, by petition, the Esch bill, a measure providing for the protection of the lives and health of workers in match factories. This bill has been proposed and defeated in congress for twelve years. It is one which every philanthropic person should support. The alleviation of the social and industrial conditions depends largely on the interest and support of the public for measures having in view the welfare of the toiler.

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The News Liner Column is a great
market place for all classes of goods
and real estate. Try it.

Brief Items of Interest

Mrs. Lydia Null of Long Beach,
spent Wednesday in Sierra Madre.George Jackson of Los Angeles has
rented the Patton cottage on Monte-
cito.Miss Sue Hunt was a guest at the
home of Miss Mae Campbell on Wed-
nesday.Mrs. G. H. Wilson and son spent
the week end as the guests of friends
in Lordsburg.A. D. Coates of Pasadena, has rent-
ed the Adams cottage at the corner
of Laurel and Lima.C. H. Baker returned Saturday from
an extensive trip to the large busi-
ness centers of the east.Mrs. Harry B. Goodman of Los An-
geles, is a guest at the home of Mrs.
Mary Davis Goodfellow this week.J. E. Cooley and family, who have
spent the past two years in Sierra Ma-
dre have removed to Newport Beach.William S. Lovell of Helena, Mont.,
was a dinner guest at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Adams on Tues-
day.Miss Rose Meloy and Miss Martha
Relyea of Santa Monica were guests
at the L. E. Steinberger home on Sun-
day.General and Mrs. E. C. Bellows of
Los Angeles, were dinner guests at the
home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. C. Webb
on Sunday.Mrs. Lord and her daughter, Miss
Myrtle Lord, of St. Joseph, Mo., are
guests at the home of her brother,
R. J. Lord.Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Thompson have
just returned from a trip to Santa
Barbara where Mr. Thompson spent
some time sketching.J. A. Patterson is making a short
trip to Palm Springs for the purpose
of visiting Billie Gottlieb and looking
after business matters.Miss Jean Woodward spent the week
end as the guest of her aunt and uncle,
Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Wilson of Evanston,
Ill., who are stopping at Hotel Green,
Pasadena.Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Patterson were
dinner guests at the Whitworth home
on Mountain Trail avenue Sunday eve-
ning. Miss Newhall of Massachusetts
also being a guest.Mr. and Mrs. Biddle of Philadelphia,
who have been guests at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Conard, left Sat-
urday for a month's tour of the state.
Mrs. Biddle is a sister of Mrs. Conard.Dr. and Mrs. George F. Washburne
formerly of El Reposo, and now of Pa-
sadena, entertained with an at home
on Sunday afternoon. An interesting
talk on "Conscious Evolution" was
given by Mrs. Washburne, which
touched upon Theosophy, Indian Mys-
ticism and other subjects. About
twenty-five guests were present in-
cluding a number from Sierra Madre.Mrs. W. E. Farman and Mrs. C. S.
Kersting were hostesses at a luncheon
given at the home of the former on
Monday in honor of Rev. and Mrs.
Clark Marsh of Monrovia. The lunch-
eon and decorations were planned in
Japanese style and Misses Marjorie
and Gay Bendnor who assisted were
in Japanese costume. The guests in-
cluded the board of directors of the
Woman's club and several others.The young ladies of the R. S. Club
entertained with a Leap Year party at
the home of Miss Mildred Sherman
Thursday evening. A comedieta en-
titled "A Mystery" was given by five
of the guests and games were indulged
in. The guests included Misses Mar-
guerite Anderson, Florence Berryhill,
Maybelle Caley, Decker, King, Janson,
Ethel Powell, Sparks, Tribble and
Messrs. Pelletier, Hartman, Baugh,
Lytile, Bovard, Norris and Twycross
of Sierra Madre, Messrs. Corwin, Ris-
don and Bakewell of Los Angeles, and
George of Long Beach.Mr. and Mrs. H. E. C. Webb enter-
tained a number of friends at their
home Thursday evening in honor of
Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Thompson of New
York, who are spending the winter in
Sierra Madre. The evening was spent
informally, with music and social chat.
Dainty refreshments were served. The
guests included Mr. and Mrs. T. E.
Yerxa, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Yerxa,
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yerxa, Captain
and Mrs. J. A. Osgood, Prof. and Mrs.
E. T. Pierce, Mrs. Weston, and Mr.
Harold Weston.Mr. and Mrs. Conard entertained
with an all day tennis party at their
home on Thursday of last week.
Luncheon and supper were both served
on the lawn. The guests included
Miss Scott and Mr. Scott of Pasadena,
Mr. H. E. Twose of Los Angeles, Dr.
and Mrs. R. H. Mackerras, Mrs.
Churchill, Misses Jean Craig, Edith
Blumer, Alma Jones, Coffey, Hum-
phries, Hilda Humphries, Dorothy
Humphries, Vannier, Hawks, Brugman,
Vega Brugman, Steinberger, Messrs.
Childs, Lambert and Daveness.Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brown of Sierra
Madre Villa entertained this week with
a delightful dinner party in honor of
their daughter, Miss Dorothy Brown,
who was enjoying a vacation from her
duties at the Pasadena hospital. Covers
were laid for twelve. Hand-painted
place cards sent directly from Hol-
land were handsome souvenirs. The
guests included Misses Margaretta
Craig and Amy Chase of Pasadena,
Miss Dorothy Humphries and Marjorie
Rice, Messrs. Raymond Andrews, Hix
Thornburg, Donald Ashmore of Sierra
Madre, Max Thornburg of Newhall and
Everett Gardner of Pasadena.Donald Ashmore is spending a few
days in Hollywood.The I. C. C. club was entertained at
the home of Mrs. G. E. Coapman on
Thursday.Max and Dwight Thornburg were
down from Newhall for a few days
this week.Miss Margaret Dermont of Los An-
geles, was a week end guest of Miss
Dorothy Camp.Mr. and Mrs. William Dennison are
enjoying a wedding trip to San Fran-
cisco, going by boat.Roland Adams spent the week end in
Riverside visiting Mrs. Adams and the
baby at the Rockhold home.Jack Richey's smiling face has been
a welcome sight behind the counter
at Welsher's grocery the past week.Mr. and Mrs. William McElroy of
Glendale were guests at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Adams on Mon-
day.Miss Lottie Humphries is making a
fortnight's visit at the home of Mr. and
Mrs. William Larned Thatcher of Nord-
hoff.Las Auxiliadoras de Sierra Madre
will hold their next meeting on Thurs-
day March 7, at the home of Mrs. G.
Hallett Johnson.Mrs. S. R. Winter arrived last week
from Providence, R. I. last week and is
visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
L. E. Steinberger.Miss Hilda Humphries of Los An-
geles was a week end guest at the
home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
George Humphries.Misses Winnie Chadwick, Ella St.
Clair, Jessie Lacey and Raney Olds
were week end guests at the home of
Mrs. W. H. Ingraham.Dr. J. M. Campbell attended the
service of installation of Rev. Henry
Fendall Booth at the First Congrega-
tional church of Long Beach last
Monday.Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Howlett and fam-
ily of Detroit, Mich., are guests for
the winter at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
H. G. Flint, Mr. Howlett being a brother
of Mrs. Flint.The young ladies of the "O. U."
Quartet are engaged in preparing for
a concert to be given in the Woman's
Club house on March 29, in which the
DeNubla Orchestra of Los Angeles
will also take part.Miss Dorothy Camp was the hostess
at a dinner party given for several
friends last Friday night, the party af-
terwards attending the dancing party
at the club house. The guests includ-
ed Miss Margaret Dermont and Mr.
Bryant Guernsey of Los Angeles, Miss
Hallie Kuhn, Messrs. Fred Hinton and
Victor Hill.Miss Annis B. Coffey entertained
very delightfully at her home on
Thursday afternoon with a book party.
The guests were asked to represent in
some way the title of a book and an
interesting guessing contest followed.
Prizes of choice books were awarded
to Miss Edith Blumer, Mrs. Titian J.
Coffey and Miss Jean Craig. Out of
town guests were Mrs. Titian J. Coffey
and Mrs. Keating of Los Angeles.Members of the I. C. C. and their
families celebrated Washington's
birthday at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
M. W. Capps with an evening colonial
party. The ladies were dressed in ap-
propriate costumes and the guests
were welcomed upon their arrival by a
miniature couple in colonial attire. De-
licious refreshments were served. A
program consisting of incidents from
colonial times was rendered as fol-
lows: Washington's first trip through
New England, Mrs. J. C. Dickson;
song, "Grandma," Miss Alma Jones;
Boston Tea party, Mrs. J. A. Osgood;
Description of Wayside Inn, Mrs.
Capps; song, "The Sword of Bunker
Hill," Captain Osgood; reading, "The
Minute," Miss Dickson. The program
was followed by a guessing contest in
which Mrs. Biederman won as a prize
an old-fashioned Washington pie. The
party was in honor of Mr. and Mrs.
George Crow, who are to leave next
week for San Jacinto, where they will
make their home.Those present were Mr. and Mrs.
Crow, Mr. and Mrs. Dietz, Mr. and
Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer,
Mr. and Mrs. Coapman, Mr. and Mrs.
Coapman, Mr. and Mrs. Biederman, Mr.
and Mrs. Capps, Mr. and Mrs. Walker,
Captain and Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Cora
Costello, Dr. Eliza Merrell, Misses Ly-
ford, Berg, Jones, Dickson, Coapman,
Walker.Next Monday and Monday evening
and Tuesday a demonstration will be
given at the First National Bank of a
new change computing machine and
cash register which will do almost prove
very interesting. The machine is man-
ufactured by the United States Cashier
Company and is just about to be put
on the market. It not only keeps a
record of cash transactions but com-
putes and pays out change as well.

EXPERT PIANO TUNING—Blue 10.

- ◆ Items of social or personal in-
terest will be received by Miss
◆ Evelyn Rice, who may be reached
◆ by telephone, Green 68. News
◆ should be in by Thursday noon to
◆ insure insertion.

Woman's Club

This evening the Woman's Club will
entertain with a Cafe Chantant, a la
Carte. A program of readings will be
given by Miss Stinson of Los Angeles,
with a choice list of Victrola selec-
tions.

On Wednesday afternoon at three
o'clock Mrs. G. H. Barry of the Wo-
men's Progressive league will speak
at the club house on the Esch bill.
The bill is intended to prohibit the
use of certain processes in match fac-
tories which put a premium on profit
at the expense of human lives and
health.

The philanthropy committee of the
club has made large shipments of
crutches which Mrs. Baurhyte has dis-
tributed among the charitable institu-
tions of Los Angeles.

Last week the club was the recipient
of four shares of stock in the building
association. The gift was accompan-
ied with a request that the giver's
name be withheld and with an expres-
sion of appreciation for the excellent
work being done by the club.

The program at the regular Wo-
men's club meeting Monday was in
charge of Rev. Clark Marsh of Mon-
rovia, who gave a highly interesting
and instructive lecture on the coun-
tries of the Orient, Japan particularly.
Two matters which have been under
discussion were voted upon. The club
dues will be raised from \$2 a year to
\$3, to take effect next October, the
first half payable in October, and the
second half in March. The admission
fee will remain \$3, also this club will
join the general federation of Wo-
men's clubs; the dues are 10c a year
per capita. Miss Lydia Webster was
appointed special treasurer to collect
these dues. It is thought that great
benefits will be derived, and many ad-
vantages in every line by being
brought in closer touch with the other
clubs. Miss Verna Tribble, the registra-
tion clerk, was present to register those
who had not already done so. The
subject so ably handled by Rev. Marsh
was one of interest to everyone. He
was assisted by five young ladies in
costume, namely, Miss Yea, repre-
sented a Japanese girl of the Samurai
class, Miss Pasco, as a woman of the
Philippines, Miss Vera Harriman, as a
Hindu woman, and Miss Lottie
Humphries as representing the Levan-
tine countries as a Mohammedan wo-
man. Mr. Marsh gave a detailed ac-
count of all these countries, in regard
to the customs and habits of the peo-
ple and the advancement made in the
last few years.

WHITE FLOUR VS. WHOLE GRAINS
In making ordinary white flour, the
main object is to take out all the bran,
shorts, germ, and oil, so that the re-
maining starchy part will be pure white
and raise easily with yeast, making a
large light loaf. This looks pretty,
but it contains very little sustenance
and tends to get pesty and clog up the
system. In fact, most stomach and
bowel trouble is due to the use of white
flour. This is well known by the medi-
cal people, and they always recom-
mend coarser flour.

Graham flour and Cracked wheat
flours are better but they are coarser
than necessary and are not so palata-
ble and cannot be used for cakes,
doughnuts, etc. In using ordinary roller
process of milling, the bran always
remains large and flaky, so you either
get a very fine or a very coarse flour.

The Seven-Grain Food company of
Los Angeles has substituted a process
of cutting the grains up so that the
entire grain can be made fine enough
for all kinds of bread or pastry work,
and at the same time it is left granu-
lar, and is not pulverized and sticky.
It contains all the germ and natural
oils just as Nature intended, and so
digests easily.

In addition to this they blend several
other grains with the wheat—oats, rye,
barley, etc.—so as to obtain the chem-
ical ingredients of those grains which
are not contained in the wheat. The
result is that they have a properly
"Balanced Ration" for the entire hu-
man system. It contains five times
more actual nutrient than any other
flour on the market, and it is deli-
cious in taste. The Mush is exactly
the same grains, but ground a little
coarser.

A demonstration of Seven-Grain
flour and breakfast mush will be given
at Petts & Welsher's store tomor-
row, Saturday. Every one interested
in a more healthful food which is ex-
tremely tasty and palatable, should
not lose the opportunity of visiting
this demonstration.

The Theaters

Burbank

The Burbank Stock company's pro-
duction of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage
Patch" continues to be the most pop-
ular offering of the year, and in conse-
quence of the immense audiences the
piece will be continued for a third
week.

The Burbank players have not had
such a thoroughly good play as "Mrs.
Wiggs" in many a day. The piece is
essentially a comedy of types with an
array of quaintly drawn characters.
Mrs. Rice, who fashioned the story,
found her types among her own neigh-
bors, it is said, and in the transference
of the characters from the book to the
stage none of the homely picturesque-
ness has been lost. The comedy is of
the sort that causes chuckles, while it
never rises to the level of boisterous
fun. With this wealth of clean comedy,
coupled with the always diverting
story, the popularity of Mrs. Wiggs is

FOR YOUR SUNDAY DINNER

You want the very best Groceries and the choic-
est cuts of Meats and if you place your order
with us you will always be pleased, as we handle
nothing but the very best of Meats and Groceries

Ridgeway's High Grade Teas

Her Majesty's Blend, 1-2 lb. tin - .45
Five o'clock Blend, 1-2 lb. tin - .32

Largest sale of high grade Teas in the world

Specials For Saturday, March 2, only

Brookfield Creamery Butter, per lb. - .40
California's Best Flavored Butter

49 lb. sack Snowflake Flour - 1.35
A cut price, but equal to other high grade Flour

Newmark's Extra Asparagus, per can - .20
This is large white delicious Asparagus, regular price is 30c. the can

1 can Table Apricots - .15
6 cakes Honey Boy Toilet Soap - .25

Highly scented—a good size cake
Sour Cucumber Pickles, in bulk, per quart .15

Just received, crisp and delicious
German Breakfast Cheese, each - .05

25c. pkg. Alber's Devils Dust - .20
50c. pkg. Lee's Egg Maker - .40

Prime Rib Roast, per lb. - .17
Boneless Boiling Beef - .11

Eastern Sugar Cured Picnic Ham, per lb. .11-12
Eastern Sugar Cured Bacon, per lb. - .18

Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

PHONE BLACK 12

S. R. NORRIS

Proprietor of the Sierra Madre Department Store

YOUR account will be appreciated by our
bank and YOUR interests will always be
carefully considered. If you are not a patron
of this bank let this be your invitation to
become one.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wire For Us and We Wire For You
Sierra Madre Electric Co.

E. S. MOLLENKOPF, Manager

Phone Green 22

not difficult to understand when the
splendid performance given by the Bur-
bank players is recalled.

Grand

Capacity houses have ruled at every
performance of "The Girl and the Boy."
Walter De Leon's newest musical com-
edy which was made known two weeks
ago at the Grand Opera House by Fer-
ris Hartman and his company of cap-
able assistants. The advance demand
for seats has been so great, and so
many persons have been disappointed
during the past week because they
have been unable to secure proper
seats, that the management of the
Grand has decided to continue "The
Girl and the Boy" for one more week.

Mason

May Robson is an actress of excep-
tional ability and in her new play, "A
Night Out," she has every opportunity
to develop that fund of clean cut humor
and that world of brilliant and thrilling
pathos that have made her famous.
She will impersonate a young-old wo-
man, free from affectation, and possess-
ing a keen sense of humor, and being
fond of excitement she persuades her
two grandsons whom she adores, into
all sorts of extravagances; and a visit
to a well known restaurant is the cli-
max of the adventure. Of course
Grammum, as she is called by the fam-
ily, is not aware of the character of
the place, and complacently waits for
a rather elaborate dinner. Presently,
however, the police raid the place, and
"Grammum" is hustled into the street—
not politely, but vigorously, hence her
disheveled appearance later. This ad-
venture leads to an explanation. The
boys are ambiguous and Grammum
sustains them. Following this incident,
comes the distressing report that a
bond has been taken from Grammum's
locker in the safety deposit vault, and
a detective is immediately put on the
case. The arrival of the policeman
with a brooch belonging to Grammum,
which she had lost in the resort dur-
ing the raid, produces consternation
and a very humorous situation. From
this juncture the story moves rapidly,
in which love and devotion of the

young people is sustained by the in-
fluence of jolly Grammum. This play
will be presented by Miss Robson at
the Mason Opera House all next week
excepting Wednesday matinee and
night and Friday night, when Miss
Robson will be seen as "Aunt Mary" in
"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
The First National Bank

Charter No. 8707
at Sierra Madre, in the State of California, at the
close of business, February 20, 1912

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 89,516.84
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	20.35
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	800.00
Bonds, Securities, etc.	14,233.85
Furniture and Fixtures	4,533.11
Due from National Banks (not re- serve agents)	81.53
Due from approved Reserve Agents	11,821.73
Notes of other National Banks	5.00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents	28.85
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:	
Specie	\$6,568.60
Legal-tender notes	215.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	1,250.00
Total	\$154,094.86
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus fund	2,500.00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	844.95
National Bank Notes outstanding	25,000.00
Dividends Unpaid	5.00
Individual deposits subject to check	80,545.72
Demand certificates of deposit	440.35
Time certificates of deposit	19,105.54
Certified checks	100.00
Cashier's checks outstanding	3.30
Special deposit	150.00
Total	\$154,094.86

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.
I, H. G. Flint, Cashier of the above-named
bank, do solemnly swear that the above state-
ment is true to the best of my knowledge and
belief.

H. G. FLINT, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th
day of February, 1912.

S. R. G. Twycross,

Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

Chas. S. Kersting
Chas. H. Baker
N. H. Hosmer
(Seal) Directors.

A SPLENDID HAZARD

By HAROLD MACGRATH

(Copyright, 1910, by Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

SYNOPSIS

In Paris Fitzgerald meets Karl Breitmann, a mysterious adventurer, and sees a beautiful American girl, who interests him. Breitmann dreams of securing 2,000,000 francs.

Ferraud, a French detective and butterfly collector, is shadowing Breitmann for France, whose safety he imperils. Germany is also interested in Breitmann in New York Fitzgerald meets Cathewe.

Fitzgerald on a wager poses as an Italian viceroy of plaster statuettes. A beautiful young woman asks him to call at a house in Dalton. The house is owned by Admiral Killigrew.

The beautiful young woman, Miss Laura Killigrew, asks him to become her father's secretary and clear up a mysterious tapping in the house. The burglar alarm wires have been tampered with.

Breitmann instead of Fitzgerald is engaged as the admiral's secretary. Hunting pirate's treasure is the admiral's hobby. His ancient home had been owned by a French exile.

Laura tells Breitmann about the strange noises in the big chimney of the house. Fitzgerald and Breitmann plan to trap the intruder who is seeking something in the chimney.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME BIRDS IN A CHIMNEY.

It might be truthfully said that the tableau lasted as long as she willed it to last. Perhaps she read in the three masculine faces turned toward her a triangular admiration, since it emanated from three given points, and took from it a modest pinch for her vanity. Vain she never was. Still she was not without a share of vanity, that vanity of the artless, needing no sacrifices, which is gratified and appeased by a smile. It pleased her to know that she was lovely, and it doubled her pleasure to realize that her loveliness pleased others. She demanded no hearts. She craved no jewels, no flattery.

She had an inherited love of the open. With almost unlimited funds under her own hand, she lived simply. She was never happy in smart society, though it was always making demands upon her. When abroad she was generally prowling through queer little shops instead of mingling with the dress parades on the grand hotel terraces. There was no great battle-field in Europe she had not trod upon. What she did not know of naval warfare her father did. They were very companionable. There was never any jealousy on the part of the admiral. Indeed, he was always grateful when some young man evinced a deep regard for his daughter. He would have her always, married or unmarried. He was rich enough, and the son-in-law should live with him. He was so assured of her good judgment he knew that whenever this son-in-law came along there would be another man in the family. He had long ceased to bother his head about the flylike buzzing of fortune hunters. He had been father and mother and brother to the child, and with wisdom.

She smiled at her father, gave him a hand to Fitzgerald, who found a warm and moist from the ride, and glanced inquiringly at Breitmann.

"My dear," said her father, "this is Mr. Breitmann, my new secretary."

That gentleman bowed stiffly, and the scars faded somewhat when he observed that her hand was extended in welcome. This unconventionality rather confused him, and as he took the hand he almost kissed it. She understood the innocence of the gesture and saved him from embarrassment by withdrawing her hand casually.

"I hope you will like it here," was the pleasant wish.

"Thank you, I shall."

"You are German?" quickly.

"I was born in Bavaria, Miss Killigrew."

"The name should have told me."

She excused herself.

"Oh," thought Fitzgerald, with malicious exultancy; "if she doesn't interfere with your work!"

But with introspection this exultancy grew suddenly dim. How about himself? Yes, here was a question that would bear some close inspection. Was it really the wish to capture a supposable burglar? He determined then and there not to prolong his visit more than three or four days, just to satisfy her that there was no ghost in the chimney. Then he would return to New York. He had no more right than Breitmann to fall in love with the daughter of a millionaire. Loving her was not impossible, but leaving at an early day would go toward lessening the probability. He was not afraid of Breitmann. He was foreigner enough to accept at once his place and to appreciate that he and this girl stood at the two ends of the world.

And Breitmann's mind, which had up to this time been deep and untroubled as a pool, became strangely disturbed.

The time moved on to luncheon. Breitmann took the part of listener and spoke only when addressed.

"I must tell you, Mr. Breitmann," said Laura, "that a ghost has returned to us."

"A ghost?" interestedly.

"Yes, my daughter," said the admiral tolerantly, "believes that she hears strange noises at night, tapping, and such like."

"Oh!" politely. Breitmann broke his bread idly. It was too bad. She had not produced upon him the impression that she was the sort of woman whose imagination embraced the belief in spirits. "Where does this ghost do its tapping?"

"In the big chimney in the library," she answered.

No one observed Breitmann's hand as it slid from the bread, some of which was scattered upon the floor. The scars, betraying emotion such as no mental effort could control, deepened, which is to say that the skin above and below them had paled.

"Might it not be some trial visit of your patron saint, Santa Claus?" he inquired, his voice well under control.

"Really, it is no jest," she affirmed. "For several nights I have heard the noise distinctly, a muffled tapping inside the chimney."

"Suppose we inspect it after lunch?" suggested Fitzgerald.

"It has been done," said the admiral. Outwardly he was still skeptical, but a doubt was forming in his mind.

"It will do no harm to try it again," said Breitmann.

If Fitzgerald noted the subdued excitement in the man's voice he charged it to the moment.

"Take my word for it," avowed the admiral, "you will find nothing. Bring the coffee into the library," he added to the butler.

The logs were taken out of the fireplace, and as soon as the smoke cleared the young men gave the inside of the chimney a thorough going over. They could see the blue sky away up above. The opening was large, but far too small for any human being to enter down it. The mortar between the bricks seemed for the most part undisturbed. Breitmann made the first discovery of any importance. Just above his head, standing in the chimney itself, he saw a single brick projecting beyond its mates. He reached up and shook it. It was loose. He wrenched it out and came back into the light.

"See! Nothing less than a chisel could have cut the mortar that way. Miss Killigrew is right." He went back and with the aid of the tongs poked into the cavity. The wall of bricks was four deep, yet the tongs went through. This business had been done from the other side.

"Well!" exclaimed the admiral, for once at loss for a proper phrase.

"You see, father? I was right. Now, what can it mean? Who is digging out the bricks, and for what purpose? And how, with the alarms all over the house, to account for the footprints on the floor?"

"It is quite likely that something is hidden in the chimney and some one knows that it is worth hunting for. This chimney is the original. I should judge," Fitzgerald addressed this observation to the admiral.

"Never been touched during my time or my father's. But we can soon find out. I'll have a man up here. If there is anything in the chimney that ought not to be there he'll dig it out and save our midnight visitor any further trouble."

"Why not wait a little while?" Fitzgerald ventured. "With Breitmann and me in the house we might trap the man."

"A good scheme!"

"He comes from the outside somewhere; from the cellar probably. Let us try the cellar," Breitmann urged this with a gesture of his hands.

"There'll be sport," said Fitzgerald. The coffee was cold in the cups when they returned to it. The cellar, as far as any one could learn, was free from any signs of recent invasion. It was puzzling.

"And the servants?" Breitmann intimated.

"They have been in the family for years." The admiral shook his head convincedly. "I ask your pardon, my dear. My ears are not so keen as might be. I'm an old blockhead to think that you were having an attack of ghosts. But we'll solve the riddle shortly, and then we shan't have any trouble with our alarm bells." With a significant glance at Fitzgerald. "Well, Mr. Breitmann, suppose we take a look at the work? Laura, you show Mr. Fitzgerald the gardens. The view from the terrace is excellent."

Fitzgerald stood silent, musing at the girl's side. To dwell in a haven like this—no care, no worry, no bother of grubbing about in one's pockets for overlooked coins, no flush of excitement!

"You must think me an odd girl."

"Pray why?"

"By the manner in which I brought you here."

"On the contrary, you are one of the few women I ever met who know something about scoring a good joke. Didn't your friend, Mrs. Coldfield, know my mother? And wasn't your father a great friend of my father's? As for being odd, what about me? I believe I stood on the corner and tried to sell plaster casts just to win a foolish club wager."

"Men can jest that way with impunity, but a woman may not. Still, I really couldn't help acting the way I did," with a tinkle in her voice and a twinkle in her eyes.

"Convention is made up of many idiotic laws. I suppose that's why I am always happy to leave convention behind, to be sent to the middle of



"SEE! NOTHING LESS THAN A CHISEL COULD HAVE CUT THE MORTAR THAT WAY."

Africa, to Patagonia or sign an agreement to go to the north pole."

"The north pole? Have you been to the arctic?"

"No, but I expect to go up in June with an Italian explorer."

"Isn't it terribly lonely up there?"

"It can't be worse than the Sahara or our own Death Valley. One extreme is as bad as the other. Some time I hope your father will take me along on one of those treasure hunts."

I should like to be in at the finding of a pirate ship. It would make a boy out of me again."

His eyes were very handsome when he smiled. Boy? she thought. He was scarce more than that now.

"Pirates' gold! What a lure it has been, is and will be! Blood money, h-r-r-r! I can see no pleasure in touching it. But humanity has gone on. The pirate is no more, and the highwayman is a thing to laugh at."

"Thanks to railways and steamships. It is beautiful here."

"We are nearly always here in the summer. In the winter we cruise. But this winter we remained at home. It was splendid. The snow was deep, and often I joined the village children on their bobsleds. I made father ride down once. He grumbled about making a fool of himself. After the first slide I couldn't keep him off the hill. He wants to go to St. Moritz next winter."

She laughed joyously.

"I shall take the arctic trip," he said to himself irrelevantly.

"Let us go and pick some apple blossoms. They last such a little while, and they are so pretty on the table. So you were in Napoleon's tomb that day? I have cried over the king of Rome's toys. Did Mr. Breitmann receive those scars in battle?"

"Oh, no! It was a phase of his student life in Munich. But he has been under fire. He has had some hard luck." He wanted to add, "Poor devil!"

"You fought with Greece?"

"Yes."

"How that country always rouses our sympathy! Isn't there a little too much poetry and not enough truth about it?"

"There is. I fought with the Greeks because I disliked them less than the Turks."

"And Mr. Breitmann?"

He smiled. "He fought with the Turks to chastise Greece, which he loves."

"What adventures you two must have had! To be on opposing sides like that!"

"Opposing newspapers. The two angles of vision made our copy interesting. There was really no romance about it. It was purely a business transaction. We offered our lives and our pencils for a hundred a week and our expenses. Rather sordid side to it, eh? And a fourth rate order or two?"

"You were decorated?" excitedly.

"I am sure it was for bravery."

"Don't you believe it. The king of Greece and the sultan both considered the honor conferred upon us as good advertising."

"You are laughing."

"Well, war in the Balkans is generally a laughing matter. Sounds brutal, I know, but it is true."

"I know," gayly. "You are conceited and are trying to make me believe that you are modest."

"A bulls-eye!"

"And this Mr. Breitmann has been decorated for valor? And yet today he becomes my father's private secretary. The two do not connect."

"May I ask you to mention nothing of this to him? It would embarrass him. I had no business to bring him into it."

She grew meditative, brushing her lips with the blossoms. "He will be something of a mystery. I am not

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IN ORDER to get an increased number of Sierra Madre people acquainted with the *pulling merits* of the NEWS liners, we are going to offer for the next two weeks to give a fine fifty-cent box of stationery FREE with every payment of \$1.00 for want ads to be used at the option of the purchaser.

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overfond of mysteries outside of book covers."

"There is really no mystery. But it is human for a man in his position to wish to bury his past greatness."

By and by the sun touched the southwest shoulder of the hill, and the two strolled back to the house.

From his window Breitmann could see them plainly.

"Curse those scars!" he murmured, striking with his fist the disfigured cheek which upon a time had been a source of pride and honor. "Curse them!"

(Continued on Page 4)

An Iconoclast.

"All over Europe my wife made enemies by boldly doubting cherished traditions," said the traveler, "but her skepticism respecting Alfred the Great embroiled her in the most serious difficulty. An old gentleman who sat with the thin, blue fingers spread above the feeble blaze from which my wife, red nosed and shivering, endeavored to extract a little warmth, expatiated on the cake burning episode. Said my wife abruptly: 'Don't tell me that old yarn again, please. I don't believe a word of it.'"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because," said she, "there never was a fire in England hot enough to burn cakes."

"Her retort did for the old gentleman what the fire had failed to do—it made him hot—but, even so, he never forgave her."—New York Press.

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A SPLENDID HAZARD

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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CHAPTER VIII.

THEY DRESS FOR DINNER.

BREITMANN watched them as long as he could. There was no jealousy in his heart, but there was bitterness, discontent, a savage self-pitying. He was genuinely sorry that this young woman was so pretty. Still, had she the graces of Calypso, he must have come. She would distract him, and he desired at that time distraction least of all diversions. Concentration and singleness of purpose—upon these two attributes practically hung his life. How strangely fate had stepped with him. What if there had not been that advertisement for a private secretary? How then should he have gained a footing in this house? Well, here he was, and speculation was of no value, save in a congratulatory sense. The fly in the amber was the presence of the young American, Fitzgerald, shrewd and clever, might stumble upon something. Well, till against that time!

"Pirates!" His laughter broke forth, not loudly, but deeply, fired by a broad and ready sense of humor—a perilous gift for a man who is seeking fine hazards. It was droll, it was even faintly. To cruise about the world in search of pirate treasures, as if there remained a single isle, shore, promontory, known to have been the haunt of pirates which had not been dug up and dug up again. And here, under the very hand—He struck his palms. "Why not?"

He ran to the window. The sleek white yacht lay tugging at her cables like an eager hound in the leash. "Seaworthy from stem to stern. Why not? No better cloak than this. I may not make you a good secretary, admiral, but, the gods propitious, I can, if needs say must, take you treasure hunting. It will be a fine stroke. Is it possible that fortune begins to smile on me at last? Well, I have had the patience to wait. The hour has come, and fortune shall not find me laggard. It has been something to wait as I have, never to have spoken, never to have forgotten. They have even tried to drive me to crime. Wait, fools, wait!"

He drew his arms tightly over his heaving breast, for he was deeply moved, while over his face came that indefinable light which, at times, illuminates the countenance of a great man. It came and went, as a flash of lightning betrays the oncoming storm. The chimney! His heart missed a beat. He had forgotten the chimney. The reaction affected him like a blow. A snarl twisted his mouth. What was the chimney to any other man? Only he of all men knew. And yet here was some one stealthily at work, forestalling him, knocking the bottom out of his great dream. There was nothing pleasant in the growing expression in his face. It was the tiger, waking. There could be only one way.

Swiftly he dashed to his trunk, knelt and examined the lock, unscrewed it and took out the documents more precious to him than the treasures of a hundred Captain Kidds. Instantly he returned to the window. Nothing was missing. But here was something he had never noticed before. On the face of the slip of parchment—a diagram, dim and faded—was an oily thumb mark. The oil from the lock, nothing more. Doubtless he himself had touched it. How many times had he found an unknown touch among his few belongings? How often had he smiled? Still, to quell all rising doubts, he rubbed his right thumb on the lock and made a second impression. The daylight was now insufficient, so he turned on the electricity and compared them. Slowly the scars deepened till they were the tint of cedar. Death's hand itself could not have fascinated him more than the dissimilarity of these two thumb prints. He said nothing, but a queer little strangling sound came through his lips.

Who? Where? His heart beat so violently that the veins in his throat swelled and threatened to burst. But he was no weakling. He summoned all his will. He must act and act at once, immediately. Fitzgerald? No, not that clever, idling fool. But who, who? He replaced the papers and the lock. A hidden menace. Question as he would there was never any answer.

He practiced the pleasant deceit that the first mark had been there when the diagram had been given to him. It was not possible that any one had discovered his hiding place. Had he not with his own hands contrived it, alone and without aid, under that accursed mansard roof? Not one of his coadventurers knew. They had advanced him funds on his word. His other documents they had seen. These had sufficed them. Still back it came with deadly insistence. Some one was digging at the bricks in the chimney. The drama was beginning to move. Had he waited too long?

Mechanically he proceeded to dress for dinner. Since he was to sit at the family table he must fit his dress and manners to the hour. He did not resist the sardonic smile as he put on his fresh patent leathers and his new dinner coat. He recalled Fitzgerald's half

concealed glances of pity the last time they had dined together.

In the room across the corridor Fitzgerald was busy with a similar occupation. The only real worry he had was the doubt of his luggage arriving before he left. He had neither tennis clothes nor riding habit, and these two pastimes were here among the regular events of the day. The admiral both played and rode with his daughter. She was altogether too charming. Had she been an ordinary society girl he would have stayed his welcome there, bare perhaps; but, he repeated, she was not ordinary. She had evidently been brought up with few illusions. These she possessed would always be hers.

"So much for suppositions and analysis!" panted Fitzgerald, reknitting his silk tie. "As for me, I go to the attic, cold, but safe. I have never fallen in love. I have enjoyed the society of many women, and to some I've been silly enough to write, but I have never been maudlin. I'm no fool. This is the place where it would be most likely to happen. Let us beat an orderly retreat. Now, my boy, you have given yourself due notice. Take care!"

He slipped his coat over his shoulders—and passed sturdy ones they were—and took a final look into the glass, not for vanity's sake. Sometimes a man's tie will show above the collar of his coat.

"H'm! I'll wager the trout are rising about this time." He imitated a cast which was supposed to land neatly in the corner. "Ha! Struck you that time, you beauty!" All of which proved to himself conclusively that he was in normal condition. "I should get a wire tomorrow about Breitmann. I hate to do anything that looks underhand, but he puzzles me. There was something about the chimney today. I don't know what. This is no place for him, nor for me either," was the shrewd supplement.

Laura tried on three gowns, to the very great surprise of her maid. Usually her mistress told her in the morning what to lay out for dinner. Here there were two fine looking young men about, and yet she was for selecting the simplest gown of the three. She was hazily conscious that they would notice this dress, whereas the gleaming satin would have passed as a matter of fact. Round her graceful throat she placed an Indian turquoise necklace; nothing in her hair, nothing on her fingers. She went downstairs perfectly content.

As she came into the hall she heard soft music. Some one was in the music room, which was just off the library. She stopped to listen. Chopin, with light touch and tender feeling. Which of the two wanderers was it? Quietly she moved along to the door. Breitmann; she rather expected to find him. Nearly all educated Germans played. The music stopped for a moment, then resumed. Another melody followed, a melody she had heard from one end of France to the other. She frowned, not with displeasure, but with puzzlement. For what purpose did a soldier of the German empire play the battle hymn of the French republic? The Marseillaise! She entered the music room, and the low but vibrant chords ceased instantly. Breitmann had been playing these melodies standing. He turned quickly. When Fitzgerald joined them they were seriously discussing Wagner and his ill treatment in Munich and the mad king of Bavaria.

As she had planned, both men noticed the simplicity of her dress.

"It is because she doesn't care," thought Breitmann.

"It is because she knows we don't care," thought Fitzgerald. And he was nearer the truth than Breitmann.

The dinner was pleasant, and there was much talk of travel. The admiral had touched nearly every port. Fitzgerald had been round three times and Breitmann four. So far as the admiral was concerned, he was very well pleased with the new secretary.

Fitzgerald was not asleep. He had an idea, and he smoked his yellow African gourd pipe till this same idea shaped itself into the form of a resolve. He laid the pipe on the mantel, turned over the logs—for the nights were yet chill and a fire was a comfort—and raised a window. He would like to hear some of that tapping in the chimney. He was fully dressed, excepting that he had exchanged shoes for slippers.

He went out into the corridor.

There was no light under Breitmann's door. So much the better. He was asleep. Fitzgerald crept down the stairs with the caution of a hunter who is trailing new game. As he arrived at the turn of the first landing he hesitated. He could hear the old clock striking off the seconds in the lower hall. He cupped his ear. By George! Joining the sharp monotony of the clock was another sound, softer, intermittent. He was certain that it came from the library. That door was never closed. Click-click! Click-click! The mystery was close at hand.

He moved forward. He wanted to get as close as possible to the fireplace.

He peered in. The fire was all dead.

Only the corner of a log glowed dully.

Suddenly the glow died, only to reappear, unchanged. This phenomena could be due to one thing, a passing of something opaque. Fitzgerald had often seen this in camps when some one's legs passed between him and the fire. Some one else was in the room.

With a light bound he leaped forward, to find himself locked in a pair of arms no less vigorous than his own.

And even in that lively moment he remembered that the sound in the chimney went on!

It was a quick, silent struggle. The intruder wore no shoes. It would be a test of endurance. Fitzgerald recalled some tricks he had learned in

Japan, but even as he stretched out his arm to perform one the arm was caught by the wrist, while a second hand passed under his elbow.

"Don't!" he gasped slowly. "I'll give in." His arm would have snapped if he hadn't spoken.

A muttered oath in German. "Fitzgerald?" came the query in a whisper.

"Yes. Is this you, Breitmann?"

"Sh! Not so loud! What are you doing here?"

"And you?"

"Listen! It has stopped. He has heard our scuffling."

"It seems, then, that we are both here for the same purpose," said Fitzgerald, pulling down his cuffs and running his fingers round his collar.

"Yes; you came too late or too soon." Breitmann stooped and ran his hands over the rug.

The other saw him but dimly. "What's the matter?"

"I have lost one of my studs," with the frugal spirit of his mother's forebears. "You are stronger than I thought."

"Much obliged."

"It's a good thing you did not get that hold first. You'd have broken my arm."

"Wouldn't have given in, eh? I simply cried quits in order to start over again. There's no fair fighting in the dark, you know."

"Well, we have frightened him away. It is too bad."

"What have you on your feet?"

"Feet slippers."

"Are you afraid of the cold?"

A laugh. "Not I."

"Come with me."

"Where?"

"First to the cellar. Remember that hot air box from the furnace that backs the chimney way up?"

"I looked only at the bricks."

"We'll go and have a look at that box. It just occurred to me that there is a cellar window within two feet of that box."

"Let us hurry. Can you find the way?"

"I can try."

"But lights?"

Fitzgerald exhibited his electric pocket lamp. "This will do."

"You Americans!"

After some mistakes they found their way to the cellar. The window was closed, but not locked, and resting against the wall was a plank. It leaned obliquely, as if left in a hurry. Fitzgerald took it up and bridged between the box and the window ledge. Breitmann gave him a leg up, and in another moment he was examining the brick wall of the great chimney under a circular white patch of light. A dozen rows of bricks had been cleverly loosened. There were also evidences of chalk marks, something on the order of a diagram, but it was rather uncertain, as it had been redrawn four or five times. The man hadn't been sure of his ground.

"Can you see?" asked Fitzgerald.

"Yes." Only Breitmann himself knew what wild rage lay back of that monosyllable. He was sure now. That diagram brushed away any lingering doubt. The lock had been trifled with, but the man who had done the work had not been sure of his dimensions.

"Clever piece of work. Took away the mortar in his pockets. No sign of it here. The admiral had better send for his bricklayer for more reasons than one. There'll be a defective flue presently. Now, what is the duffer expecting to find?" Fitzgerald coolly turned the light full into the other's face.

"It is beyond me," with equal coolness, "unless there's a pirate's treasure behind there." The eyes blinked a little, which was but natural.

"Pirate's treasure, you say?" Fitzgerald laughed. "That would be a joke, eh?"

"What now?" For Breitmann thought it best to leave the initiative with his friend.

"A little run out to the stables," recalling to mind the rumor of the night before.

"The stables?"

"Why, surely. The fellow never got in here without some local assistance."

Now what is the duffer expecting to find?

And I am rather certain that this comes from the stables. Besides no one will be expecting us." He came down again.

Breitmann nodded approvingly at the ease with which the other made the descent. "It would be wiser to leave the cellar by the window," he suggested.

"My idea too. We'll make a step out of this board. The stars are bright enough." Fitzgerald climbed out first and then gave a hand to Breitmann.

"I understood there was a burglar alarm in the house."

"Yes, but this very window, being open, probably breaks the circuit. All

cleverly planned. But I'm crazy to learn what he is looking for. Double your coat over your white shirt."

Breitmann was already proceeding with this task. A dog trot brought them into the roadway, but they kept to the grass. They were within a yard of the stable doors when a hound began howling. Breitmann smothered a laugh and Fitzgerald a curse.

"The quicker we get back to the cellar the better," was the former's observation.

(Continued next week)

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

How to Wear Your Jewels to Most Advantage.

While the average woman will spend infinite care over the choosing of a dress, its color, its texture, its fit and, above all, its suitability as regards her hair and complexion, there are few who are half as careful over the choice of jewelry they intend to wear.

Rubies should be worn only by dark haired, dark eyed women. They lose their beauty if accompanying a complexion of lilies and roses and hair like spun gold. The woman whom the latter description fits will find the turquoise the stone par excellence for her. The fair complexioned woman who has dark eyes will find garnets becoming.

Every woman should study the color of her eyes when choosing jewelry. Thus a woman with light eyes should never wear emeralds, as these detract from the color and render the eyes almost lifeless looking. On the other hand, a woman with dark eyes will find if she wears coral that her eyes seem to have increased a hundred times in brilliancy. A fair woman may wear pearls, moonstones, sapphires, opals and the exquisitely colored beryl stone, while amethysts are becoming to the woman with warm lights of gold in her hair.

Dark women look best wearing rubies, emeralds, garnets, jacinths, topazes, amber and pink coral, but sapphires should be left to the fair women. Nearly all women can wear diamonds, but she who has a sallow skin will be well advised not to wear these stones unrelieved. Rubies and diamonds mingled with sapphires are a charming mixture for her whose skin is fair.

Now that earrings have again come into fashion women of all ages and of all ranks of life have taken to wearing them, quite regardless of the fact as to whether they are becoming or not. This, again, is an instance where woman's love of finery has overcome her better judgment. Women with large, prominent or ill shaped ears should never don this style of ornament, and a long ear, even though it is exquisitely shaped, is not improved by the addition of earrings. On the other hand, a tiny, shell-like ear is beautified if dainty drops are worn. The oriental style of earring should be worn by that type of woman who can only be described as exotic, and diamonds give a harsh appearance if the skin is at all inclined to be sallow.

HOW TO STUDY CHARACTER.

Interesting Use of Mental Powers Is Cross Observation of Faces.

Study the faces you see and try to form some idea of the characters of their owners. Notice ears, noses, mouths, eyes, chin. Observe how few beautiful mouths and ears you will find compared with other features. It is an interesting use of your mental powers, this study of faces, and will reach you sympathy, it nothing more.

If you find yourself without faces to study, then memorize verses, phrases or numbers to retain your memory. Learn to recall the numbers of a dozen or a score of your acquaintances' homes, instead of always referring to an address book.

Commit the words of songs to memory even if you do not sing. It will make you popular with people who do—or memorize a dozen lines of prose from the daily paper if you have nothing else at hand, just for practice.

It is better than allowing your brain forces to become weak and slipshod from lack of direction.

Make the most of the odd ends of time, and you will make the most of yourself with little cost and no loss.

How to Treat Auto Tires in Winter.

Now that some automobilists are laying up their cars for the winter in formation as to the proper care of tires during this period is timely. The following advice is being spread broadcast by the Firestone:

First jack up car off all tires and allow enough air to escape to release the internal pressure on the fabric, but not enough to totally collapse the inner tube. The tires in this condition should be kept from heat and wrapped to exclude the light. If the tires are in perfect condition this will suffice; otherwise observe the following directions:

Take off the tires, clean outside carefully, removing all dirt, oil, grease and foreign material. Do not allow water to get inside the casing. If any of the cuts penetrates to the fabric have the tire inspected by a competent repair man and repaired or retreaded, as deemed advisable. Wrap each casing and tube in paper or cloth to keep away light and air and store tires in a cool, dark place. Clean all rust off the inside of rims and polish with graphite or stove polish to prevent further rust.

A Good Cause.

All the schoolteachers at Lugano have gone on strike owing to a difference with the educational authorities.

With splendid loyalty the monks are standing by the teachers and urging them not to give way.—London Punch.

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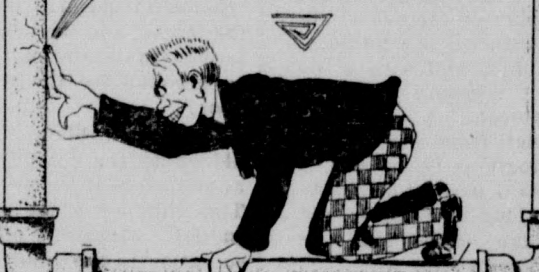
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NOTICE OF DELINQUENT TAX SALE

Of the City of Sierra Madre for the Fiscal Year 1911-1912

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That taxes on the hereinafter-described lots, pieces or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Sierra Madre, County of Los Angeles, State of California, became delinquent on the 29th day of January, 1912; and that unless said delinquent taxes, together with the costs and penalties thereon, as provided by ordinance, are paid prior to the sale of said property, as hereinafter provided, the real property upon which such taxes are a lien will be sold at public auction.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN, That the sale of said property will commence on the 19th day of March, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the office of the City Tax and License Collector, in the City Hall of the City of Sierra Madre, and will continue from day to day thereafter until all of the property upon which taxes remain delinquent shall have been sold.

The several lots, pieces or parcels of land, together with the amount of delinquent taxes thereon, are described as follows:

Name and Description.	Total Due
Ayers, Dora Hill, La Belle Avenue Tract, lot 1, tax \$12.42, penalty .62, costs .50.....	\$13.54
Bartlett, A. Fannie, Pinney Hotel Tract, lot 44, tax \$6.62, penalty .33, costs .50.....	7.45
Barndollar, Harry, A. Hawks Addition to Sierra Madre, w. 50 ft. of lot 10, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, E. 50 ft. of lot 11, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Baily, Irene, lot 17, 0.25 acrs. on S. line of Grand View Ave., com. 2.96 chs. W. of NE. cor. of lot 17, Th. W. 73.31 ft. with a uniform depth of 150 ft. S. Bingin, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Britton, Francis M., heirs of, Pinney Hotel Tract, lot 13, tax \$2.11, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.71
Do, lot 26, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, 27, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Brown, F. R., F. E. Robinson Tract, lot 13, tax \$3.40, penalty .17, costs .50.....	4.07
Brown, Annie E. A., Re-plat of Grand View Tract, lot 1, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Caskey, A. L., Park Manor, lot 29, tax \$3.12, penalty .15, costs .50.....	3.77
Collins, Sarah C., Pinney Hotel Tract, lot 28, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 29, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 30, tax \$1.59, penalty .57, costs .50.....	12.66
Crandell, Jessie M., Canon Tract, NE. 1/2 lot 29, tax \$1.38, penalty .06, costs .50.....	1.94
Do, lot 30, tax \$5.24, penalty .26, costs .50.....	6.00
Darling, Mary R., Ocean View Tract, N. 100 ft. of E. 50 ft. of lot 15, tax \$1.38, penalty .06, costs .50.....	1.94
Do, N. 100 ft. of lot 16, tax \$2.76, penalty .13, costs .50.....	3.39
Do, 2.33 acres commencing 275 ft. N. 14' 30' E. and 145 ft. N. 33' 40' E. 145 ft., Th. S. 14' 30' W. 275 ft., Th. N. 62' 25' W. 320 ft., Th. N. 19' 20' E. 153 ft., Th. S. along line to beginning, tax \$11.50, penalty .57, costs .50.....	12.57
Darling, Mary A., Monte Lado Tract, lot 51, tax \$6.44, penalty .32, costs .50.....	7.26
Dody, W. H., 8.25 acrs. on N. side of Live Oak Ave., beg. at NW. cor. of Luna St. and Live Oak Ave., th. N. 630.09 ft., th. W. 164.27 ft., th. N. 220 ft., th. W. 300 ft., th. S. 850 ft. to the N. line of Live Oak Ave., th. E. 467.11 ft. to beginning, tax \$46.46, penalty \$2.32, costs .50.....	49.28
Eddy Guy, Angell Heights, N. 16 ft. of lot 5 and S. 30 ft. of lot 6, tax \$5.79, penalty .28, costs .50.....	6.57
Evans, Willard A. and Josephine R., Oak Knoll Tract, lot 9, tax \$2.30, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.91
Evans, J. R. and W. A., Sierra Madre Tract, 4.88 acrs., being (incl. of st.) the W. 4.93 of the S. 1/2 of lot 16, tax \$37.72, penalty 1.88, costs .50.....	40.12
Evans Willard A., Sierra Madre Heights, lot 23, tax \$17.84, penalty .89, costs .50.....	19.23
Farmer, J., Pinney Hotel Tract, lot 31, tax \$4.23, penalty .21, costs .50.....	4.94
Gilmore, Grace, Monte Lado Tract, lot 22, tax \$5.52, penalty .27, costs .50.....	6.29
George, John, Harts Subdivision, lot 1, tax \$3.22, penalty .16, costs .50.....	3.88
Do, lot 2, tax \$3.22, penalty .16, costs .50.....	3.88
Gurley, Fred, Amended Blumer Tract, lot 13, tax \$5.06, pen-	

alty .25, costs .50.....	5.81
Gurhardy, Caroline S., Tract No. 338, lot 1, tax \$2.30, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.91
Do, lot 2 tax \$3.95, penalty .19 costs .50.....	4.64
Do, lot 3, tax \$3.12, penalty .15, costs .50.....	3.77
Do, lot 4, tax \$3.12, penalty .15, costs .50.....	3.77
Jacquemin, A. M. and Matilda, Fairview Tract, lot 2, tax \$1.65, penalty .08, costs .50.....	2.23
Do, lot 3, tax \$1.65, penalty .08, costs .50.....	2.23
Johnson, A. C., Monte Lado Tract, lot 21, tax \$5.52, penalty .27, costs .50.....	6.29
Jordan, Mary H., La Belle Avenue Tract, lot A, tax .46, penalty .02, costs .50.....	.98
Kirby, Jennie E., Angell Heights, lot 8, tax \$3.03, penalty .15, costs .50.....	3.68
Kiser Jas. A., Ritchey Tract, lot 8, tax \$2.11, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.71
Knox, Bena A., Fairview Tract, lot 4, tax \$1.65, penalty .08, costs .50.....	2.23
Do, lot 5, tax \$1.65, penalty .08, costs .50.....	2.23
Kuhn, Belle H., J. F. Hook Tract, lot 11, tax \$1.84, penalty .08, costs .50.....	2.43
Do, lot 12, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Do, lot 13, tax \$8.74, penalty .43, costs .50.....	9.67
Le Due, Dr. Miller, Re-Subdivision of Part of L. L. Perry's Subdivision, lot 20, tax \$11.95, penalty .59, costs .50.....	13.05
Do, lot 21, tax \$3.68, penalty .18, costs .50.....	4.36
Letteau, Geo. H. and Lulu N., 0.23 acrs., being (excl. of road) the W. 20 ft. of S. 5.91 acrs. of E. 10 acres of S. 1/2 of lot 17, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank, Pinney Hotel Tract, undivided 1/2 lot 1, tax \$4.78, penalty .23, costs .50.....	5.51
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 2, tax \$1.10, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.65
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 3, tax \$1.10, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.65
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 4, tax \$1.10, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.65
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 5, tax \$1.10, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.65
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 6, tax \$1.10, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.65
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 10, tax \$1.10, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.65
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 11, tax \$1.10, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.65
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 12, tax \$1.10, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.65
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 14, tax \$1.10, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.65
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 15, tax \$1.28, penalty .06, costs .50.....	1.84
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 23, tax	

\$1.01, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.56
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 24, tax \$2.39, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.00
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 34, tax \$1.01, penalty .05, costs .50.....	1.56
Do, undivided 1/2 lot 35, tax \$1.28, penalty .06, costs .50.....	1.84
Do, undivided half lot 48, tax \$14.99, penalty .74, costs .50.....	16.23
Merrigold, Chas. H. and C. rtis, Walter M., Mountain View Tract, lot 2, tax \$2.94, penalty .14, costs .50.....	3.58
Do, lot 3, tax \$2.94, penalty .14, costs .50.....	3.58
Miller, Alvin W., 0.17 acs. on W. line of Baldwin Ave. commencing 456.64 ft. N. from N. line of Central Ave., th. Nly 50 ft. with a uniform depth of 150 ft. W. in lot 14, tax \$4.60, penalty .23, costs .50.....	5.33
Do, Oak Knoll Trace, S. 40 ft. of lot 4, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Do, Oak Knoll Tract, lot 5, tax \$2.30, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.91
Morrison, D. R., Re-Subdivision of L. L. Perry's Subdivision, E. 33.42 ft. of lot 24, tax \$1.56, penalty .07, costs .50.....	2.13
Do, lot 25, tax 2.76, penalty .13, costs .50.....	3.39
Do, lot 26, tax \$9.66, penalty .48, costs .50.....	10.64
Oakford, Edith H., Ocean View Tract, W. 50 ft. of lot 20, tax \$1.74, penalty .08, costs .50.....	2.32
Olsen, Aletta M. E., 9 ft. of vacant alley adjoining lot 31, blk. A, on the west, tax .36, penalty .01, costs .50.....	.87
Painter, John T., Gurhardy Heights Tract, lot 28, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 29, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Parsons, Sarah A., Sierra Madre Valley View Tract, lot 39, tax \$1.93, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.52
Penny, J. J., Angel Heights, S. 45 ft. of N. 50 ft. of lot 2, tax \$2.11, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.71
Pike, Wm. R., Sierra Madre Tract, lot 41, tax \$14.53, penalty .72, costs .50.....	15.75
Do, lot 42, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Potter, Ida F. and Collins, S. C., Pinney Hotel Tract, lot 25, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Price, Kenneth V., Victoria Place, lot 18, tax \$1.65, penalty .08, costs .50.....	2.23
Ramsey, Mary E., Camillo Guercio Tract, lot 33, tax \$3.22, penalty .16, costs .50.....	3.88
Reeve, Jennie A., Angell Heights, N. 45 ft. of lot 6, tax \$8.09, penalty .40, costs .50.....	8.99
Rooney, W. T., Grand View Tract, lot 1, block C, tax \$2.48, pen-	

alty .12, costs .50.....	3.10
Do, lot 2, block C, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 3, block C, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 4, block C, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 5, block C, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 6, block C, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 7, block C, tax \$2.39, penalty .11, costs .50.....	3.00
Do, lot 8, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 9, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 10, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 11, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 12, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 13, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 14, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 15, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 16, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 17, block C, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 1, block D, tax \$2.48, penalty .12, costs .50.....	3.10
Do, lot 2, block D, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 3, block D, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 4, block D, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 5, block D, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 6, block D, tax \$2.02, penalty .10, costs .50.....	2.62
Do, lot 7, block D, tax \$2.39, penalty .11, costs .50.....	3.00
Do, lot 8, block D, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 9, block D, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Do, lot 10, block D, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Do, lot 11, block D, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 12, block D, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 13, block D, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 14, block D, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 15, block D, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 16, block D, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Do, lot 17, block D, tax \$2.20, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.81
Sanders, Caroline E., Central Tract, W. 50 ft. lot 13, block A, tax \$2.30, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.91
Smith, C. B., Ocean View Tract, S. 62 ft. of lot 31 and S. 62 ft. of lot 32, known as lot G, tax \$3.40, penalty .17, costs .50.....	4.07
Stanley, Arthur B., J. F. Hook Tract, lot 16, tax \$3.22, pen-	

ty .16, costs .50.....	3.88
Seamans, Wm. W., Park Place Sierra Madre, lot 1, tax \$5.52, penalty .27, costs .50.....	6.29
Do, lot 2, tax \$3.68, penalty .18, costs .50.....	4.36
Do, lot 3, tax \$3.68, penalty .18, costs .50.....	4.36
Do, lot 4, tax \$4.60, penalty .23, costs .50.....	5.33
Do, lot 5, tax \$2.30, penalty .11, costs .50.....	2.91
Do, lot 6, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Todd, Chas. A., Hosmer's Subdivision, lot 9, block Z, tax \$2.76, penalty .13, costs .50.....	3.39
Do, lot 10, block Z, tax \$7.91, penalty .39, costs .50.....	8.80
Ulery, Wm., Prospect Tract, lot 15, tax \$10.58, penalty .52, costs .50.....	11.60
Underhill, Emma, Hosmer's Subdivision, N. 175 ft. of E. 30 ft. of lot 1, block Z, tax .92, penalty .04, costs .50.....	1.46
Unknown, Andrews Subdivision, lot 11, block C, tax \$2.66, penalty .13, costs .50.....	3.29
Unknown, Hosmer's Subdivision, N. 175 ft. of E. 30 ft. of lot 1, block Z, tax .92, penalty .04, costs .50.....	1.46
Unknown, Sierra Madre Park Tract, lot 46, tax \$1.84, penalty .09, costs .50.....	2.43
Unknown, Hosmer's Subdivision, W. 22 1/2 ft. of W. 175 ft. of lot 2, block Z, tax .64, penalty .03, costs .50.....	1.17
Vale, Isaac E., Victoria Place, lot 13, tax \$1.65, penalty .08, costs .50.....	2.23
Whitlock, Hannah M., Wheeler Heights, lot 4, tax \$3.03, penalty .15, costs .50.....	3.68
A. M. UDELL, Tax and License Collector.	
NOTICE OF ADJOURNED ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS	
The adjourned annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sierra Madre Water Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room F, Kersting Court, Sierra Madre, Los Angeles County, California, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., on March, 13th, 1912, for the purpose of receiving the annual reports of the Treasurer and Auditor and President; the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting and the election of Directors for the ensuing year.	
C. J. PEGLER, Secretary. Sierra Madre, Cal., Feb. 23, 1912.	
FOR RENT—Space in the News liner column, the best market place in Sierra Madre for a great many classes of articles.	

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

By GEORGE B. MORGRIDGE

Published Fridays

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FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1912

PASADENA'S GARBAGE TROUBLES

Pasadena citizens have voted bonds for the erection of a garbage incinerating plant, the problem of garbage disposal having become acute through threatened legal action against the maintenance of the municipal hog farm near the city limits of Alhambra where garbage is now converted into pork. Incineration was adopted as the only sensible system and now the city is in a quandary as to where to put the garbage crematory. Attempts to select sites within the city limits immediately bring storms of protest from the neighborhoods concerned. The matter will be submitted to a vote soon. Options have been secured on three sites, one in the city, one in the San Gabriel wash and one between Sierra Madre and Pasadena. The selection of the latter would hardly serve to stimulate friendly relations between the two cities, for Pasadena can hardly afford to put under her neighbor's nose a plant she will not tolerate within her own city limits. The site referred to is about a quarter of a mile east of Rincon crossing on the Sierra Madre car line and about 750 feet south of the bridge at the gravel pit west of town. There is a possibility, however, that this site will not be submitted because of the option having been secured too late.

ARGUING FROM RESULTS

Every proposition to adopt the single tax or an idea from the single tax doctrine raises an immediate storm of protest against the disturbance of property values and business conditions. Opponents of the idea foresee all sorts of disasters attendant upon giving it a trial, though they can point out no example of failure of what they are pleased to call the Henry George "theory." As a matter of fact they are the real theorists, for there are a number of striking examples of successful operation of the land tax plan in various forms.

The most conspicuous examples just now are the cities of western Canada. Edmonton has been experimenting along single tax lines for some time past, and apparently to its entire satisfaction, says an exchange. Like Victoria, Vancouver and other western Canadian cities, however, the system has been somewhat handicapped by the provincial laws. The single taxers have had to make some sacrifices in many instances in order to prove the worth of the principle they advocate. But in Alberta now there is a strong movement toward bringing the legislature around to the point of making the single tax system general rather than local. The success achieved by the municipality of Edmonton has had much to do with this. The fixing of taxes, the concentration of taxation on land alone has worked out so well that thousands of new converts have been won over to the Henry George theory recently.

Edmonton, as a Toronto publication recently put it, does actually penalize the land speculator. Concrete illustrations of the working of the system in cases of failure of what they are have recently been presented. A business structure, known as the "McLean block," in that city is assessed at \$36,800, the value of the land on which it stands. On the corner opposite is a small frame building. This is also assessed at \$36,800. A hard-wood \$30,000 residence with grounds is assessed at only \$5000. A lot on a main street with a modern three-story building is assessed at \$49,000; a vacant lot adjoining is assessed for \$49,000. In each instance the basis of assessment is the land value, not the improvements. Under this system improvements are encouraged, not taxed, those who have land sell or improve it; it does not pay to hold it until improvements on adjoining or surrounding property enhance its value. Land speculation, as speculation under the single-tax law ceases to be lucrative.

Accompanying these concrete illustrations of the operation of the land tax system in Edmonton there should be rights, be concrete evidence of this successful outcome. And there is. The tax rate in Edmonton for 1911 was 13.7 mills.

Missouri has had reason recently to wonder whether there is not some way in which one of the greatest states of the Mississippi valley cannot make a better showing in the next census than it made in the last. The Kansas City Star is of the opinion that the one way of doing this will soon be forced upon it and upon its cities; that is to say, for their own protection and their own advancement they will be driven to exempt industry from taxation. It calls attention to the fact that "up in the northwest they are doing that thing now." The probabilities are that it will cross the line soon and take root in Washington and Oregon. The Star believes that it is going to spread eastward, and asks Missouri: "But why wait to come in at the heel of the boot? Why keep on fining and discouraging labor and enterprise until forced to stop by the better fortune and keener sight of rival cities and states?"

Free dirt, yours for the hauling. See A. S. Mead.

JAPAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

There were always reasons why Japan could not attack America successfully. There have for many years been sentimental reasons why she would not if she could. It was America who came knocking at our doors when we were a close corporation, a stay at home provincial people. America led us into the kindergarten of western civilization and showed us how to walk. She made us known to all the world. Her sympathy has been with us in every great crisis. In the kindergartens of Japan today the little children are taught patriotism, which becomes a fierce fire in every breast. The little ones are taught the story of how the United States was the first and best friend we had in the congress of world powers.—Rev. Minosuke Yamaquichi.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Apply the result of your reading to your everyday life.—David Pryde.

'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Tennyson.

Keep steadily before you the fact that all true success depends at least upon yourself.—Theodore Munger.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.—Addison.

It is very good for strength
To know that some one needs
You to be strong.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

IDLENESS OF TEARS.

When I consider life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun,
A call to battle and the battle done,
Ere the last echo dies within our ears,
A rose choked in the grass, an hour of fears,
The fuses that past a darkening shore do beat,
The burst of music down an unlighted street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and yet of yes tonight
Chieftains and bards and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had
Loose me from tears and make me see aright
How each bath back went once he stayed to weep—
Homer his sight, David his little lad
—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

News Liners

Advertising inserted under this heading at the rate of five cents per line for each insertion.

FOR SALE FOR RENT

FOR SALE—Green peas and fresh eggs. Mrs. J. H. Wright, 226 E. Montecito Ave. Phone Main 95. 22

FOR SALE—White leghorn eggs for hatching. Gregg-Wycoff strain. N. M. better. Third house east of Canyon Ave. on Grand View. 22

FOR SALE—Tomato plants, the best early and late varieties. All good hardy growth of plants. 10c and 15c per dozen. Also Bell pepper plants. Phone Green 54. 22*

FOR RENT—My 6-room bungalow, to small healthy family, first of April to October. Mrs. L. E. Lyon, 101 Auburn Ave. Rent reasonable. 22*

FOR SALE—Eggs for hatching, Rhode Island Reds, Red strain; Plymouth Rocks, Hawkins strain; also White Indian Runner duck eggs. All thoroughbred stock. Hens, pullets and chicks for sale. S. H. Spafford, Phone Black 32, S. N. S. and W. Alegría. 22

FOR SALE—Cheap. Family horse, good harness, Thompson Concord buggy. A. N. Adams. 21

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—\$400 to \$450 on Sierra Madre realty. A. S. Mead. 21

ALTHOUGH the prices of Canned Goods have been advancing this season on account of the scarcity on the market I have not advanced the price of High Grade Canned Goods. Tomatoes, Corn, Baby Sifted Peas, String Beans, Wax Beans, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Pine Apple, etc. Fresh Neufchatel, Roquefort and Nippy Cheese. Just opened a new keg of Heinz Dill Pickles.

M. D. WELSHER,

Phone Main 6

The Sierra Madre Grocer

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

Retort of a Witness That Broke Up a Cross Examination.

"The purpose of a cross examination in a law case," said a judge, "is to try to break down the testimony of a witness, but sometimes even the smartest lawyer catches a tartar and instead of breaking down the witness he himself is all broken up. I will never forget an answer made to me by a Hebrew witness who was the complainant in a burglary case in a county court. He charged the young gentleman whom I was defending with breaking open the door of his apartment above his tailor shop. On direct examination he testified that the alleged burglar had broken the chain on the inside of the door. I started in to cross examine with that ease of manner which characterizes every lawyer who has a good point up his sleeve. In my sweetest tones I asked:

"Now, my dear sir, you say this boy broke in your door?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say he broke the chain that was fastened on the inside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now will you tell me how any man on the outside of a door could possibly unfasten a chain that was on the inside?"

"Quick as a flash he blurted out: 'How should I know? Vy don't you ask him? Dat's his business. I'm a tailor. He's a thief!'"

"That cross examination came to a full stop then and there."—Brooklyn Eagle.

WANTED AN EXCHANGE.

A Curious Adventure In Which the Czar Nicholas Figured.

The Czar Nicholas was very fond of masquerade balls and one night appeared at one in the character of his Satanic majesty, with grinning face, horns and tail, and seemed to enjoy the character very much.

About 3 o'clock in the morning he went out and, throwing over him some furs, called a cab and ordered the coachman to take him to the Quai Anglais. Being very tired, he fell asleep. When he awoke he found the coachman had taken the wrong direction, for the Quai Anglais was in the most fashionable part of the city, while around him were only miserable hovels.

Nicholas began to remonstrate, but the driver, paying no heed to him, drove through a stone archway into a cemetery. Then, taking a long knife from his girdle, he opened the door of the cab and said:

"Give me your money and your furs or I will kill you."

"And do you give me your soul," cried Nicholas as he threw off his furs and disclosed his personification of the evil one.

Overcome with terror, the coachman fell senseless on the ground, while the emperor himself drove the cab back to town and afterward used more care in the selection of a coachman.

An Easy Medical Degree.

Time was when medical degrees were obtained at St. Andrews without all the difficulties of today, and the story is told concerning a learned professor of old, who had advised a particular student whom he had never seen in the flesh and of whose work he knew but little, to call upon him at his house so that he might be examined for his degree. The morning was a brilliant one, and the learned gentleman found it impossible to resist the attractions of the links. Before setting out, however, he had left a message with one of the maidservants, and a conversation like the following ensued on the arrival of the student at the appointed time: "Are you the gentleman who was to call this morning about a degree?" asked the girl on opening the door. "I am," was the reply. "Well," said the maid, "I was to tell you that it was all right. You have passed!"—Scotsman.

LIFE AND BEAUTY.

We must live amid beautiful surroundings if we wish to have beautiful souls and happiness. Most houses and big buildings in our cities are made with no other end in view than utility. But a change is beginning to come. City authorities are planning "the city beautiful" in many cities.—Dean J. J. Walsh.

MR. MAN:

Have you bought your ticket for the

Board of Trade's
Annual Banquet

Thursday Evening, March 7th?

If not, do so at once so the committee can know how many plates to provide.

FINE MENU

GOOD SPEAKERS

No formal invitations will be sent out because the committee wishes it understood that every man in Sierra Madre is wanted and is urged to attend.

Be a Booster

Tickets 50 cts.

FREE DEMONSTRATION

SATURDAY ONLY

Seven - Grain Flour

And Breakfast Mush

Which Contains All of the Entire Grains of 7 Different Cereals
Delicious in Taste and Wholesome in Effect

BETTS & WELSHER

SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

We claim to be able to supply you with anything needed in our line, at prices that will make you our regular customer.

YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY CARED FOR

Sunday Hours:—8 to 11 a. m.
2 to 5 p. m.

F. H. HARTMAN

THE RODEO

First Annual Celebration of the

Great Southwestern Interstate

Cowboy's Contest

\$10,000 in Cash Prizes

Five hundred contestants, three hundred wild horses
Every sport and contest known to the cowboys
and range riders of the old southwest.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN'S RANCHO

"SANTA ANITA"

March 9 to 17, 1912

TRY NEWS WANT ADS FOR RESULTS

AUTO FOR HIRE

Five - Passenger Chalmers Car,
by hour or trip.

D. C. ASHMORE,

Phone Red 63

Irving N. Ward
Nurseries

Mountain Trail and Laurel Phone Blue 29

MONROVIA STEAM
LAUNDRY

Cleaning and Pressing

All Work Guaranteed
First Class

Phone 87 Monrovia for driver

Carriage For Hire

By the Hour or Day Meets any car.

M. GOLDSTEIN

Main 75

Res. Green 81

AUTO TIRES

Pumps, wind shields, oils,
lamps, and all the other needs
of the machine can be found at
our garage. Full line of toggery
for the driver. All kinds of
sporting goods

A. L. RYDER

160 EAST COLORADO ST. PASADENA

Dennison's

Fancy Crepe Paper

Lunch Sets

1 Table Cover -- 42x56

and 12 Napkins for 25c.

PATTERSON

TWYCROSS

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Trunks

taken to or from Santa Fe or
Pacific Electric Stations for 25c

When you are expecting any
Express or Freight,

send us a postal or call up
Green 2 or Residence Black 11

We will watch for it and deliver
it promptly.

Office opposite Post Office

News want ads. are little things but they are the means of transacting a lot of business in the course of a year. The price is 5 cents a line for each insertion.